Lermontov After One Hundred Years, By Manya Gordon

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"SPLENDOR AND SHAME: MY GERMAN ODYSSEY"
By Otto Zarek
Reviewed by John C. de Wilde

MARGARET LEECH, author of "Reveille in Washington," has written a history of the Civil War years in the nation's capital that "could hardly be more timely" . . . *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Lermontov after One Hundred Years

MANYA GORDON

Mikhail Yurievitch Lermontov was "superior, calculating, sadistic."

MIKHAIL YURIEVITCH LERMONTOV, the centenary of whose death occurred a few weeks ago, was the second genius among the poet sons of Mother Russia. He was born in 1814, fifteen years after Pushkin, and did not achieve fame until the death of the latter in 1837. In comparison with Pushkin his talents developed rather slowly. His early poems are not very much better than the usual versifications of a bright college boy. In part this may have been the result of the too constant solicitude of his mother. Pushkin's parents, particularly his mother, were rather ashamed of their youngster's poetic inclinations, and the urge to write had to come from within himself. But after Pushkin had scaled Parnassus, poetry became fashionable. Lermontov's mother wrote verse and tried to implant a love for letters in her son. This childhood discipline may account for the skill and lack of inspiration in his early poems. The frivolous life at the military academy and in the officers' corps of which Lermontov was inordinately fond was no incentive to higher thinking. It required a blow like the tragic death of Pushkin to arouse the younger man's genius.

The two poets never met but Lermontov was a devout admirer of his predecessor's work. As long as Pushkin was alive Lermontov feigned indifference towards literature. He read his verses to intimate friends only. Under the spur of Pushkin's sudden death as the result of a duel, Lermontov forgot his reticence and in one sitting wrote, "Death of a Poet." It was immediately copied out in long hand by the author's friends and within two days it was known throughout St. Petersburg. One might say it was a case of, "The poet is dead, Long live the poet!" From that moment Lermontov's genius developed with amazing rapidity and his fame soared fast and high.

His prodigious versatility includes every form of composition—drama, tragedy in verse such as the "Spaniards," superb prose, "A Hero of Our Time" and numerous songs which have remained part of the literary treasures of Russia. Among the latter one might mention "A Cossack Lullaby," "The Air Ship," "I Walk on the Road Alone." Short poems of high excellence are: "Journalist, Reader and Writer," "A Prayer" and "The Prophet." A long narrative poem, "Demon," is notable for the author's mastery of verse and the exalted conception of love. "Mziri" established Lermontov among the immortals by its description of nature and its deep penetration into the human soul.

Russian autocracy was restive under the literary gifts of the native sons. Nicholas I never tired of plaguing Pushkin and he scarcely had time to take pleasure in the poet's demise when Lermontov's verses on the death of Pushkin were called to his attention. The Emperor did not like the last sixteen lines of "Death of a Poet," which Lermontov wrote several days after the first part. Nicholas saw in them revolution, although his own Chief of Secret Police did not share this opinion. The poet was arrested and transferred to military service in the Caucasus. Thereafter his short life follows the familiar course of arrest and exile, very much the same as Pushkin's. But as in the case of the author of "Eugene Onegin," these autocratic methods of suppression merely fanned the fire of creative genius.

Lermontov's sojourn in the Caucasus supplied the background for his prose novel, "A Hero of Our Time," and gave Russia the most inspiring picture of that beautiful region. In his verse dealing with nature as well as man, Lermontov followed the realistic tradition established by Pushkin. But his Russian style is often truer to type, more closely identified with the language of the people. In the poem, "Borodin," the old soldier speaks of the Napoleonic wars in his own vernacular. It was a natural evolution after Pushkin made the native tongue not only adequate for all literary purposes but actually fashionable. Wider usage enriched and purified the language.

"A HERO of Our Time" contains not one verbal flourish, not a speck of classicism. The whole Caucasus landscape is depicted as Maxim Maximch, an officer of the regiment, and the author are leisurely strolling behind the carts which carry their luggage. The canvas is complete. It reflects not only the poet's vision but Lermontov's skill with brush and pencil. Examples of his work as painter and caricaturist can still be seen at the Pushkin House. No doubt, in a measure this accounts for the superb clarity of his descriptions. In reading them, even at this late date, one finds himself walking along with Maxim Maximch and his companion, watching the shadows cast by the rising and descending clouds on the mountains. And yet the poet seems to be completely absorbed in his effort to extract from the simple but virile and lovable Maxim Maximch the history of Pechorin, the protagonist of "A Hero of Our Time."

The novel appeared in 1840. Although it is wholly non-political, it reflects the general disillusionment following

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on the failure of the Decembrist uprising in 1825, the tragic fate of the participants, and the subsequent reactionary policy of Nicholas I. "A Hero of Our Time" is autobiographical, but not all its episodes were experiences of the author. A friend, and not Lermontov himself, was the hero of "Bella," depicting the romance of the Caucasian princess and Pechorin.

Despite the fact that Pechorin is the very image of his maker, he is a new and entirely original figure on the Russian literary scene. His relationship to Eugene Onegin is of the slightest. Nor is he Don Juan in the Byronic style. Pechorin lives hard but gets no pleasure out of it. He takes more delight in tormenting women than in possessing them. Pushkin was passionate and for ever on fire. Lermontov was superior, calculating, sadistic, and he endowed Pechorin with his own characteristics.

In the episode "Marie," which is a chapter out of Lermontov's romance with Sushkova, Pechorin tries to make the young, cultivated, and charming princess fall in love with him without being physically or otherwise interested in her. He merely wants to feel his superiority and establish his power over her. The sufferings of this unspoiled, sincere girl merely add zest to his intrigue. Nor does he show any consideration whatever for Vera, the woman with whom he is having an affair at the same time. The entire flirtation with Marie takes place in the presence of Vera. It is not a case of being attracted by two women at the same time, but of not loving either and enjoying the tortures of both.

Pechorin is endowed with a poetic vision. He is clever, cultivated, well received in society, and yet he is unhappy. At the age of twenty-one he is completely disillusioned, is neither capable of loving truly, nor believing in love or sincerity. He does not know pity. There is just a quiver of it in his last meeting with Marie. He detests sentimentalism. At that early age he considers himself mature, superior in intelligence and in the understanding of life. As the critic Belinski puts it, "It is not surprising that in his idleness and boredom Pechorin should envisage man as dull, ill-natured and false."

> I often ask myself [writes Pechorin in his note book] why am I so determined in my effort to make this young girl love me, whom I want not at all and whom I will never marry? He knows the answer: But there is a supreme delight in dominating a young, scarcely developed heart. It is like a flower whose sweetest aroma exhales in the presence of the first rays of the sun. It is necessary to pluck it that very minute, and having breathed it to the full, throw it away. Perhaps, someone will pick it up! I feel in myself an insatiable greed to swallow everything which I meet on my way, I see the suffering and happiness of others only in relation to myself, as so much food which supports my spiritual life. I no longer lose my sanity under the influence of passion. My first ambition was crushed by circumstances, but it appeared in a different form, because ambition is nothing other than the craving for power, and my first pleasure is to subject everything to my will, everything that surrounds me. To arouse the feeling of love, devotion and fear—are not these the first indications of the supreme triumph of power? To be the cause of anyone's suffering and happiness, without having any real right to it, is it not the sweetest food for our pride?

Pechorin is the result of suppression and the inability to direct one's ambition in the proper channels. Could anything be more Freudian in expression? But Lermontov did not anticipate Freud only. His hero has all the earmarks of a Nietzschean superman although he made his appearance on the literary scene four years before the birth of Nietzsche. Pechorin is afflicted with not a few symptoms of the Dostoievsky pathology. His outstanding characteristics are modern. Strip him of the early nineteenth century trappings and you will recognize him as the hero of our own postwar period. He is egocentric, completely disillusioned, cynical. He is the victim of an overpowering self-assurance, considers his personal opinion supreme, has no respect for anything or anyone, abhors any kind of sentiment or pity and is not too scrupulous about the means so long as he achieves the desired objective.

It is difficult to recall a scene in modern literature more characteristic of our own contemporary life than the meeting between Pechorin and the deeply human and understanding Maxim Maximch, after several years of separation. Maxim Maximch had befriended Pechorin during his first exile in the Caucasus. They had spent a great deal of their time together. The senior officer witnessed Pechorin's desperate efforts to make the captured Bella love him, her capitulation and passionate devotion to a lover who soon tired of her. Together they nursed Bella during the agonizing prelude to her death. The older man helped the younger dig her grave and bury her. The lonely soldier suffered all the anguish of a devoted father who tries to understand his son rather than judge him. He is now in a fever of anticipation when he discovers that his young friend is at the same inn. His joy and affection are cut short by the icy indifference of the young man. To use a familiar

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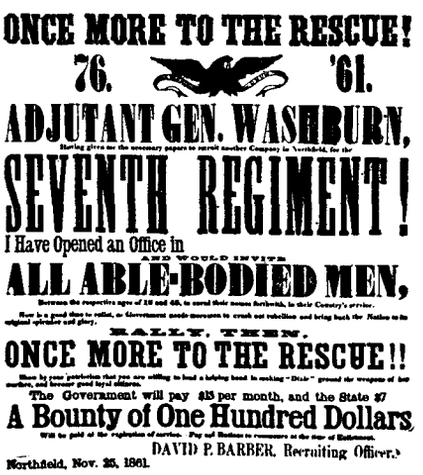
The War Years in Washington

REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON, 1860-1865. By Margaret Leech. New York: Harper & Bros. 1941. 483 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

"IT was a mere ambitious beginner, a baby among capitals. Its defects were those of youth and energy and inexperience. Yet people were ready to fancy it moldering and abandoned, a relic of an optimistic moment of history when men had essayed an experiment called democracy. Dissolution was heavy in the air; and even the rising monuments of the republic wore the image of ruin and decay."

So and justly, Margaret Leech sums up the city of Washington—the city whose chief sights were "six scattered buildings, a few dubious statues and one-third of an obelisk"—at the outbreak of that Civil War which was to change the whole shape of America. A long, rich, and crowded book, "Reveille in Washington" could hardly be more timely. For we are apt to think of any crisis we face as unique in the history of the world. There were crises in the past, to be sure, but godlike men surmounted them. But the men of the past did not know that they were godlike—and, more than that, they did not know whether they were going to survive at all. Defeatism, red tape, profiteering, partisan politics—the long, sick grind when nothing seems to get done no matter how good men labor—these are nothing new. Not one of them is scamped or whitewashed over in Miss Leech's fascinating account of Washington's war years. But there is one other thing that "Reveille in Washington" shows very clearly. It shows that those who say that democracy cannot work in a crisis or survive a great war are wrong.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'76. '61.

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Northfield, Nov. 25, 1861.

Civil War draft poster.

Let us consider a few of the facts that make up the web of Miss Leech's vivid story. Before Lincoln was inaugurated, "Men in high political positions had declared that Lincoln's inauguration should never take place." The District militia itself numbered many secessionists. Only eight companies of regulars could be spared from the Army to guard the city. After Sumter and the stoning of the Sixth Massachusetts in the streets of Baltimore, there were six days at the very outset of hostilities when Washington "shivered at its fate—a border town, divided within itself and nakedly exposed to danger in a time of great rebellion." After the catastrophe of Bull Run, the broken volunteers streaming across the Long Bridge, looked, to one man who saw them, like "a most woebegone rabble which had perhaps clothed itself with the garments of dead soldiers left on a hard-fought battlefield." By 1864, Washington might be too sophisticated for panic, but it heard the noise of cannon in its suburbs, and Jubal Early's men were in sight of the dome of the Capitol. All this, in the end, made no difference; the Republic stood.

It is this mingling of the deep current of history with all the bubbles of rumor and despair and hope that floated on its surface, of the great event with the small detail, that makes Miss Leech's book so fascinating, so alive, and so contemporaneous. Wisely, for her purpose, she has centered her story upon Washington itself—the city where people lived as well as the capital of a nation—and she probes into all the strata of that city. Here is Kate Chase, the imperious young beauty with her bronze hair and her hazel eyes—the tempestuous Mrs. Lincoln, finely dressed and wretched at heart—Rose Greenhow, the Southern spy who believed in being "superior to these Yankees," even in prison, and whose involved, almost unbelievable, web of intrigue has not yet been raveled out—and the soiled doves of Madam Duprez's and the squalid, quarrelsome Light sisters of English Hill. Lincoln, Seward, Stanton, McClellan—the great and the near great are an essential part of the book. But so are the contrabands and the government clerks, the sorry politicians and the foreign visitors to the war, the great army of the wounded, the swarms of those looking for place or favor who beset the White House, the background of those who went to their jobs and cooked dinner, believed or disbelieved each new rumor, and lived through the five years. For history is never made up entirely of great words and heroic actions—people go to Spiritualist meetings and the race-track, crowd in to supper and worry about their bills, even in the middle of a war.

Cartoon in the *Southern Punch*, May 7, 1864: "The way Lincoln will be lifted out of Washington by Lee."

One or two things, perhaps, may be said. The present reviewer is in the happy position of writing without reference books at hand—he is therefore unable to pounce triumphantly on some single sentence and announce to the world that Miss Leech has erred in giving some Fourth-Assistant-Deputy-Provost-Marshal the wrong middle initial. But I doubt if a reader who doesn't know the background would gather from her portrait of Scott that Scott, in his day, had been a very able soldier. She is scrupulously fair to McClellan—even, at times, over-fair. From the short note on Sickles in the biographical notes at the back of the book, one would gather that she takes the Union hero entirely at his own valuation. Well, many did—but some, on the other hand, did not. I should doubt if Grant had "the look of a man who is out of a job" when he came to see Lincoln at the White House. Grant had been out of a job, in his time, but he wasn't then. But these, on the whole, are small matters. There will be controversy about the Civil War and the men of it, while books are written. Miss Leech's book goes from the last days of the Buchanan Administration to the Grand Review. Clearly and colorfully written, in a style that has plenty of edge but which does not go in for professional debunking, "Reveille in Washington" is a faithful mirror of a great and critical time in our nation's history—and a time that seems nearer to us now than it has for many years.

Revenge

Insult me, mistreat me,
Till I weep, till I grovel—
I'll do *you* up brown
In my very first novel.
—*Saturday Night*, Toronto.

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The Anatomy of Retrogression

ESCAPE FROM FREEDOM. By Erich Fromm. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1941. 305 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

WE are all becoming increasingly aware that Western civilization now faces a major crisis in the development which has hitherto given it its chief value and meaning: the growth of human freedom. Sharing this awareness, Erich Fromm has interrupted his larger work on the interactions of sociology and psychology to present at once that part of it relevant to the most alarming portent in the world today: the rejection by free men of their freedom in favor of voluntary slavery in a totalitarian state. He approaches the problem of this sort of self-destructive behavior with the equipment of a trained psychoanalyst, widely read in economics, politics, and history, and—although he has no panaceas to offer—with the confidence of a physician that to understand the nature of a disease is the first and most important step in effecting its cure.

Fromm finds that the growth of human freedom has been attended by grave psychological dangers, since the loosing of the primary ties which bound men to nature and to one another in unself-conscious unity, has too often left all but the most favored individuals feeling helpless and alone, a prey to hostile and unintelligible forces and to dark, irrational fears. Many of the institutions and ideologies which men have constructed in their slow, reluctant progress towards freedom can be understood as attempts on the part of the newly freed to overcome this feeling of moral isolation. The trouble seems to be that man's negative freedom, his freedom from bondage and control, has usually increased faster than his positive freedom, his freedom to mold and dominate his environment, and the same insecurity and anxiety has resulted as occurs in children who, after they realize their separateness from their parents, find themselves thwarted by them. This sense of insecurity and isolation has been particularly characteristic, Fromm believes, of the middle class ever since the rise of capitalism, and the consequent escape mechanism which Freud would have described as sadomasochistic (complete submission to some stronger thing or person, plus hatred and cruelty towards the weak) and which Fromm calls, when found in groups, the "authoritarian" character, has been particularly noticeable among the middle classes in Germany where the transition to the new society was abrupt. Thus when, after World War I, the conditions tending to produce this character were greatly intensified, the ground was prepared for Hitler whose own neuroses were a typical reflection of those of the people he attracted.

"Escape from Freedom" is the best diagnosis of the psychological aberrations of Nazism I have seen—clear, simple, sensible, and persuasive. But it would be a pity if it were to be reviewed only as a pamphlet on contemporary affairs. It is also a distinguished contribution to our understanding of history, and a promise of further enlightenment. Historians,

Erich Fromm

these days, are badly in need of any help they can get from economists, sociologists, and psychologists, and generally get very little. The sociologists hardly offer anything better than the empty mechanical constructs of Pareto. The only serious help from the economists, that from the Marxians, has usually been implicated in a monism so rigid as to repel anyone conscious of the complexity and irrationality of human motives. And the most fruitful school of psychology, that of Freud, has hitherto narrowed its insights to a degree which permitted theories of cultural development of a childish absurdity. Only quite recently such studies as Karen Horney's "New Ways in Psychoanalysis," and H. S. Sullivan's "Conceptions of Modern Psychiatry" have offered the hope not only that the clinical usefulness of Freud's methods would be broadened by a more thorough accounting with total situations, but that these new methods, which deal with the individual as a part of his culture, would prove useful to historians. Erich Fromm, himself an important contributor to this new school, has magnificently justified this hope. His brief analysis of the psychological basis of the Protestant Reformation contains some of the most brilliant and illuminating pages that have ever been written on the subject. Everyone who reads them will look forward impatiently to the larger study he promises. And along with the rest of "Escape from Freedom" they are required reading for everyone who hopes that human reason may understand and ultimately control the processes of history.

Garrett Mattingly is the author of "Catherine of Aragon."

These Are Strangers

By Martha Bacon

THESE are lovers, these are the swan spirits gliding
On a lake surface, dark as sorcery.
They are white clouds over an iron tempest brooding.
Theirs is the star's sanctity.

They are children, they are pretty fools met at evening.
Clad more softly than moths are clad.
Their breath is of jonquils; they are the night's first flowering
Shy as April and proud.

They are strangers and a slim sword lies between them,
What though the sword be fleshed!
Their names are secret, only the night has known them,
And the voice of hunger, hushed.

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The Canvas of Marguerite Steen

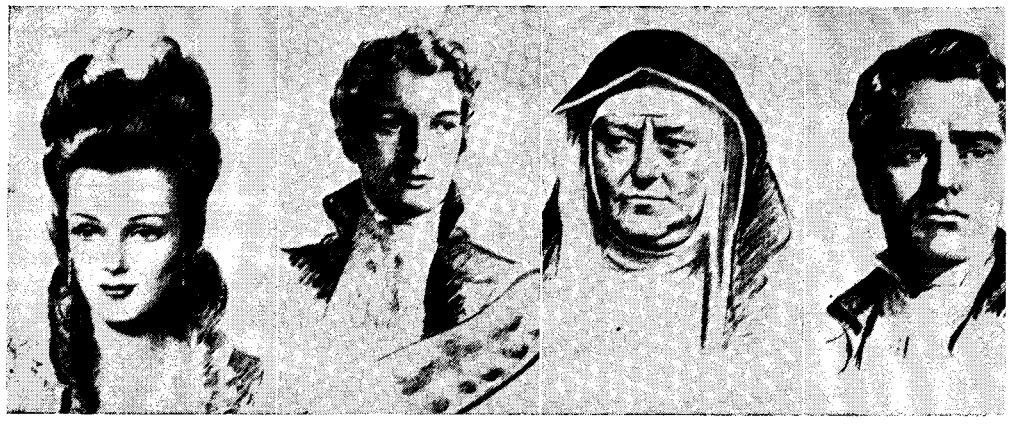
THE SUN IS MY UNDOING. By Marguerite Steen. New York: The Viking Press. 1941. 1176 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by KLAUS LAMBRECHT

THERE are nearly twelve hundred pages between the covers of this book; its story spans three generations, the lives of heroes, lovers, and adventurers, and spreads from the Bristol of the slave-trading days to the swamps and jungles of the African Gold Coast, the glitter and gaiety of Cuba with its vast plantations, its cool mansions, its exclusive society, the noble palaces and crowded boulevards of an intriguing Madrid, uneasy before the threat of the Napoleonic armies; and back to Bristol where, with the abolition of slavery, the cycle closes. There is excitement in it and suspense, a great deal of drama, both large-scale and intimate, much picturesque description, scenes of brutality and violence, scenes of beauty and of human sentiment—in fact, everything a book should have. No doubt it is what is sometimes called a novel in the grand manner, but beyond mere scope and size it is far from being a great book.

Miss Steen has already written a number of good novels—all of which, in retrospection, were but steps leading to a major achievement. She has a perfect command of her craft and brilliantly controls the mingling threads of her yarn; her characters, though drawn after a certain formula, are expertly handled and her virtuosity in dealing with the changing milieu, the shifting scenes and moods, makes Miss Mitchell's little book seem like an almost amateurish job. In many respects

—*SRL drawing by Pope.*
Marguerite Steen



The characters in Miss Steen's novel, as drawn by Ben Solowey: Pallas Burmester, Lionel Saxe, The Abbess, and Matthew Flood.

her talent is surprisingly masculine; in the world of rogues and brutes, of crooks and murderers who manned the slave ships of that time, the world of fist fights and killings, of the sordid and gruesome that was part of the trade's routine, she is more at ease than in the civilized circles which surround her unvariably glamorous female characters. She likes dramatic movement and activity; the psychological intricacy of life and love holds no enticement for her descriptive power. The figure of the beautiful heroine, Pallas, is stiff and conventional, and since all the other women of the book, with one exception, more or less follow her pattern, the trend of the love story too becomes repetitious, even in its problematics, and as dull and unconvincing as an amorous scene in a picture passed by the Hays office.

Contrarily, the hero, Matthew Flood, is very distinctly shaped. A passionate and unscrupulous fellow, a stubborn fighter, strong and adventurous, he enters the book, determined to give fate a little twist that would turn it to his favor. And so the gigantic chronicle that centers around him and his Odyssey starts off with an event, resulting from this little twist of fate, that was to influence the lives of three generations: the death of his grandfather, Hercules Flood. The wealthy merchant and ship owner leaves a considerable fortune, and the ensuing lawsuit over the inheritance causes quite a scandal among the society of Bristol. But while it is still pending, Matthew succeeds in securing enough credit to make himself partner in a slave-trading venture. This results in his break with the lovely Pallas Burmester who, among other equally commendable tasks, has devoted her life to the abolition of slavery. So, off he sails to the Gold Coast aboard the freighter *Cassiopeia*.

It is at this point that, if one looks for flaws in the almost perfect picture, one feels a lessening of intensity which is entirely a matter of the description, although the material for a colorful background is amply provided. The story, however, carries on full-scale. There is an eventful journey into the interior of the country, there is fighting, killing, a fire, and an abduction. The booty consists of a shipload of slaves and a mistress for the master, a beautiful young Negro girl whom he takes with him to Cuba. And here, after a brilliant interlude of glorious living, the story turns away from Matthew Flood. The *Cassiopeia*, on her return voyage, is seized by pirates and Matthew disappears. His daughter, whom he never sees, is brought up in a convent and later marries a prosperous planter, always aware of her mulatto blood that virtually makes her an outcast, but conscious also of her Flood inheritance.

Many years later, by another freakish twist of fate which this time Matthew had not willed, the final trend leads back to Bristol and turns the public's attention once more to the scandal of half a century ago, when a lovely quadroon, arriving from Cuba via Spain, claims to be the legitimate heir of the Flood fortune. Matthew, who is long since believed dead, reappears in the almshouse where Pallas finds him. So the lovers of the days gone by are reunited and Matthew dies, reformed and converted, altogether a nobler man.

It may be fair to say that as for the mere virtuosity of writing and the skill of planning, the book has not quite its equal in recent literature. But once one has put it away and, still feeling a little dizzy, leans back in one's chair to contemplate a final summing-up, one realizes that for all its richness it is shockingly empty. One would not hesitate to call it a cheap adventure story if it were not for the fact that the author's talent and learning give it a certain distinction. This, however, may cheat many a reader into believing that it is a serious piece of literature. Which it is definitely not.

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The Saturday Review
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THE AMERICAN CAUSE

The author of this week's guest editorial died ninety years ago.

THE age is extraordinary; the spirit that actuates it is peculiar and marked; and our own relation to the times we live in, and to the questions which interest them, is equally marked and peculiar. We are placed, by our good fortune and the wisdom and valor of our ancestors, in a condition in which we *can* act no obscure part. Be it for honor, or be it for dishonor, whatever we do is sure to attract the observation of the world. As one of the free states among the nations, as a great and rapidly rising republic, it would be impossible for us, if we were so disposed, to prevent our principles, our sentiments, and our example from producing some effect upon the opinions and hopes of society throughout the civilized world. It rests probably with ourselves to determine whether the influence of these shall be salutary or pernicious.

It cannot be denied that the great political question of this age is that between absolute and regulated governments. The substance of the controversy is whether society shall have any part in its own government. What part it becomes this country to take on a question of this sort, so far as it is called upon to take any part, cannot be doubtful. Our side of this question is settled for us, even without our own volition. Our history, our situation, our character, necessarily decide our position and our course, before we have even time to ask whether we have an option. Our place is on the side of free institutions.

I have a most deep and thorough conviction, that a new era has arisen in the world, that new and dangerous combinations are taking place, promulgating doctrines and fraught with consequences wholly subversive in their tendency of the public law of nations and of the general liberties of mankind. Society is to be divided horizontally; all sovereigns above, and all subjects below; the former coalescing for their own security, and for the more certain subjection of the undistinguished multitude beneath.

IF the authority of all these governments are hereafter to be mixed and blended, and to flow, in one augmented current of prerogative, over the face of Europe, sweeping away all resistance in its course, it will yet remain for us to secure our own happiness by the preservation of our own principles; which I hope we shall have the manliness to express on all proper occasions, and the spirit to defend in every extremity.

The practical commentary has corresponded with the plain language of the text. Look at Spain and at Greece. If men may not resist the Spanish Inquisition, and the Turkish scimitar, what is there to which humanity must not submit? Stronger cases can never arise. Is it not proper for us, at all times, is it not our duty, at this time, to come forth, and deny, and condemn, these monstrous principles? Where, but here, and in one other place, are they likely to be resisted? They are advanced with equal coolness and boldness; and they are supported by immense power. The timid will shrink and give way, and many of the brave may be compelled to yield to force. Human liberty may yet, perhaps, be obliged to repose its principal hopes on the intelligence and the vigor of the Saxon race. As far as depends on us, at least, I trust those hopes will not be disappointed; and that, to the extent which may consist with our own settled, pacific policy, our opinions and sentiments may be brought to act on the right side, and to the right end, on an occasion which is, in truth, nothing less than a momentous question between an intelligent age, full of knowledge, thirsting for improvement, and quickened by a thousand impulses, on one side, and the most arbitrary pretensions, sustained by unprecedented power, on the other.

Is the whole world expected to acquiesce in principles which entirely subvert the independence of nations? On the basis of this independence has been reared the beautiful fabric of international law. On this principle, the great commonwealth of civilized states has been hitherto upheld. There have been occasional departures or violations, and always disastrous, but, in general, the harmony of the system has been wonderfully preserved.

What is it to *us*, it may be asked, upon what principles, or what pretenses, the European governments assert a right of interfering in the affairs of their neighbors? The thunder, it may be said, rolls at a distance. The wide Atlantic is between us and danger; and, however others may suffer, *we* shall remain safe.

I think it is a sufficient answer to this to say that we are one of the nations of the earth; that we have an interest, therefore, in the preservation of that system of national law and national intercourse which has heretofore subsisted, so beneficially for all. Our system of government, it should also be remembered, is throughout founded on principles utterly hostile to the new code; and if we remain undisturbed by its operation, we shall owe our security either to our situation or our spirit. The enterprising character of the age, our own active, commercial spirit, the great increase which has taken place in the intercourse among civilized and commercial states, have necessarily connected us with other nations, and given us a high concern in the preservation of those salutary principles upon which that intercourse is founded. We have as clear an interest in international law, as individuals have in the laws of society.

APART from the soundness of the policy, on the ground of direct interest, we have a duty connected with this subject, which I trust we are willing to perform. What do *we* not owe to the cause of civil and religious liberty? to the principle of lawful resistance? to the principle that society has a right to partake in its own government? As the leading republic of the world, living and breathing in these principles, and advanced, by their operation, with unequaled rapidity in our career, shall we give *our* consent to bring them into disrepute and disgrace? It is neither ostentation nor boasting to say, that there lies before this country, in immediate prospect, a great extent and height of power. We are borne along towards this, without effort, and not always even with a full knowledge of the rapidity of our own motion. Circumstances which never combined before have coöperated in our favor, and a mighty current is setting us forward which we could not resist even if we would, and which, while we would stop to make an observation, and take the sun, has set us, at the end of the operation, far in advance of the place where we commenced it. Does it not become us, then, is it not a duty imposed on us, to give our weight to the side of liberty and justice, to let mankind know that we are not tired of our own institutions, and to protest against the asserted power of altering at pleasure the law of the civilized world?

Daniel Webster.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Supplementary Quiz

SIR:—Along with 50,000 other readers, I am writing to inform Stanley Safian that the "little ditty" about which he inquires [*SRL,* Aug. 16] is the closing two lines of "The Village Blacksmith," by H. W. Longfellow. The full quotation being,

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing. Onward through life he goes.
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close.
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

I quote from memory which, like that of most of my generation was well furnished, not to say over-stuffed, with H. W. L.'s lyrics—especially those that end with the sort of moral tag exemplified in S. S.'s "little ditty."

L. B. JONES.
Petersham, Mass.

SIR:—I suspect a little innocent mischief on the part of the editors in the publication of Mr. Stanley Safian's inquiry about the two lines from that obscure work, "The Village Blacksmith," by that equally obscure poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Could you please tell me how many *SRL* readers were not asleep at the switch and spotted the answer to Mr. Safian's difficult and complicated query?

BARRY CORDE.
Boston, Mass.

[*Editor's Note: Fifty-three subscribers have been kind enough to come to the assistance of Mr. Safian.*]

Now for Another

SIR:—During the last World War a delirious dying soldier spoke these words: "The pathway (or path) of death comes swift and sure." Can some one tell me,—are the words a quotation and from what and whom?

DR. J. W. PEROUTKY.
Merrill, Wisconsin.

Twain and Libel

SIR:—Your readers may be interested to know that Mark Twain was sued for libel in 1883—a fact evidently unknown to Paine and other biographers. The *New York Times* on June 10th, 1883, printed an interview with Twain at his summer home quoting him as saying that C. C. Duncan [recently appointed Shipping Commissioner] was the man who swindled him in connection with an excursion to the Holy Land as described in *Innocents Abroad.* "A bad man named Elihu Root," Twain was quoted as saying, "presuming on his position as United States District Attorney, is making war on the magnificent patriot. Mr. Root doesn't like the way in which the funds of the Shipping Commission are disbursed. He thinks it isn't just the thing for the gallant Democrat after gobbling $3,000 for personal salary to give a half dollar or so to an errand boy and then cut the surplus to three equal parts and to each of the scions of the house of Duncan give an exact third. A hard man to please is this District Attorney Root!"

Duncan sued the *Times* and Mark Twain for libel. A letter from Twain disavowed some of the language which the newspaper put into his mouth but acknowledged that some of it was substantially correct. Duncan finally got a verdict of six cents damages, as stated in the *Times* for March 9th, 1884.

A C. C. Duncan was Captain of the *Quaker City.* It must have been the same man!

CYRIL CLEMENS.
Webster Groves, Mo.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, these ain't bills—they're subscriptions."

"Regionalism and the Writer"

SIR:—Three cheers for Miss Loveman's editorial on "Regionalism and the Writer" [*SRL,* Aug. 23]. It is heartening to one who is conscious of the need for better understanding between and among the sections of our country to find such a keen and penetrating grasp of the problem as Miss Loveman displayed in her article.

My thanks to her in particular, and to the editors in general, for the most indispensable periodical in America.

ELIZABETH M. RICHARDS.
Kansas City, Mo.

Poe and Dumas

SIR:—The interesting chapter on Poe, "the father of the detective story," [*SRL,* Aug. 23] recalls to me that some years ago a paragraph was found in the journals of the elder Dumas, in which Dumas records the visit to him of a young American writer, Poe by name, who spent his days in a darkened room and went out of doors only at night. If my memory is correct and if Dumas's Poe is our Poe, may not the Parisian settings of Poe's detective stories and the French names of their *dramatis personae* be due to Poe's visit to Dumas?

FRANCIS ROGERS.
Shinnecock Hills, New York

SRL Index

SIR:—That was a good book, but—. Now let's see what the *SRL* said about it. Shades of Morley! I'll never find the review in all that pile! Wish they had an index every six months or so.

How about it? Not all your readers can put down the last *SRL,* dash to the nearest bookseller and purchase the book just reviewed. By the time a lot of us get hold of the book the *SRL's* have piled up another foot or so.

Of course the *SRL* is indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature," but again, how many of us have easy access to that publication?

E. J. NEUMAYER.
Newark, New Jersey

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—*From "Low on the War."*

"I did it to assure your destiny."

The Nazi Disintegrator

TIME NO LONGER. By Max Reiner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. 368 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES LAMBERT

IT seems that it becomes increasingly difficult for an author to write about life in Hitler Germany without losing his sense of proportion. Mr. Reiner, at any rate, has lost it so completely that even the characters of his book are hardly recognizable as human beings but rather as beings any psycho-analyst would enjoy laying his hands on. To be sure, they are merely actors in a story which draws most of its dramatic value from the realm of the morbid and abnormal and leaves them not much choice. But that does not explain them, nor does it explain their psychopathic behavior. The defect lies much deeper.

One may safely assume that the author knows what he writes about, that he has lived in Germany and knows its people, but curiously enough, his novel lacks the color and the atmosphere one might expect. It is crude and unpolished and has about it a sense of unreality and distortion that all the Gestapo officials and stormtroopers clattering through its pages cannot sweep away. It has undoubtedly been the author's intention to write about the breaking-up of a family in the early months of the Hitler regime; that is, to state a case typical of the disintegration of the German middle-classes being brought to rapid completion by the forces of Nazism. If this assumption is right, Mr. Reiner has missed his point, for the Ehrlich family is anything but a typical example.

The principal characters, though by no means the chief actors, are the two antagonistic brothers, Karl and Kurt. The former is a distinguished writer, conservative and vaguely anti-Nazi, the latter a violent party member who delivers his sister's fiancé, a Jewish anthropologist, to the Gestapo and drives her into suicide. This causes the complete breakdown of Karl, the writer, who retires into a sort of self-imposed madness from which he emerges only at the end of the book, as he rushes to forgive his mysteriously dying brother. That pretty well closes the circle of dramatic events, partly enveloped in a mystic fog, and even though not the entire book is quite as bad as this, it is always overwrought and unconvincing. Even the triumphant determination of the surviving brother is disturbing.

It is surprising, and in a way discouraging, that at this late date an author, or anybody for that matter, can still speak in such general terms as "the forces of evil" when it comes to a definition of Hitlerism. And here lies the real defect of the book. If Mr. Reiner's conception of the problem had been more qualified it would not have been necessary for him to give the book the artificial substance that it has. He might not have found a satisfying explanation, but at least he might have kept his sense of proportion.

Nazi Vulnerability

PATTERN OF CONQUEST. By Joseph C. Harsch. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. 1941. 309 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

"I LEFT Germany this year after living with its people, after seeing its army in operation, after talking with its soldiers and with the men whose policies direct the movements of those soldiers from Berlin, with a complete conviction not only that it can be beaten but that it could collapse and the whole Nazi structure disintegrate with a speed and completeness which would equal that of the French collapse in 1940."

This is the conclusion drawn by the Berlin correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor's* crack foreign staff, one of America's finest and most able journalists, who gives us here his account of his experiences in Germany.

Mr. Harsch is convinced that Germany can be beaten, but only on the battlefield. "The main consideration is not the ability to do it but the will to do it. The answer lies, therefore, with the American people."

The importance of this book, however, points in another direction. Of the many accounts of life in wartime Germany, this is perhaps the least emotional, the most informative, the easiest to digest. It explains what the Third Reich represents in terms of physical and moral strength, and why the German people as a nation want to win this war, although at no time since the beginning of the war has there been any general enthusiasm for it or for any of its victories. It also shows that Germany approaches the third year of war with its people more nearly united behind the regime than at any time since Hitler came to power.

Mr. Harsch reports. And he reports with the eyes of a brilliant, cool observer. He studies the technique of conquest employed in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, and Holland, and he realizes quickly that the German "New Order" offers opportunity and prosperity for Germans, not for others. He explains how the Nazis looted all these countries. The result was that by the winter of 1940 Germany everywhere had succeeded "by plunder, brutality, and stupidity in destroying the readiness of the conquered peoples to see what Germany has to offer. Everywhere the word 'German' had become a word of reproach."

If Hitler loses the war, the author believes, the financial bankruptcy so

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long predicted is bound to come. He has only words of praise for the German armed forces, where each job is given to a specialist in his own kind of work and which is marked by high morale, energy, initiative, and the readiness for innovation of a young corps of officers. But the United States and the British Empire should take the offensive. "When that day comes the individual German soldier will lose his enthusiasm and his vigor."

Among the many interesting and new stories Mr. Harsch has to tell is the Nazi logic justifying them in their own eyes in using starvation as a deliberate instrument of national policy in Poland and other conquered countries. The "mercy killings" which took place at three places, and which were first related by William L. Shirer in "Berlin Diary" are described in detail. One chapter *"Gesunde Erotika"* throws an entirely new light on sex life in Nazi Germany. By "healthy eroticism" the Nazis mean any eroticism which (a) increases the birth rate and/or (b) pleases the soldier home from war or the S. S. man off duty. "All art in Nazi Germany is intended to encourage primitive emotions . . . It places such an emphasis on realistic sex as I have not observed in any other European country . . . The magazine stands of wartime Berlin offer an amazing collection of photographs of nudes prominently displayed . . . Every popular magazine contains at least two or three such photographs. Many magazines are devoted exclusively to *Gesunde Erotika.*" I do not remember having heard this before.

The unofficial control of the news which goes out from Berlin under the signatures of foreign correspondents is also described. But the Nazis have failed to convince even most of those foreign newspapermen who are privately on their own payroll, although to get caught in the system would be a very easy thing. "Many of the foreign correspondents in Berlin have such small salaries from their own newspapers that they can scarcely afford to remain honest." The author is convinced that when it comes to German reports of English planes down or their own planes lost, "no one in Berlin takes them seriously . . . The accuracy of the German land reports was easy enough last year because everything was going their way."

"Pattern of Conquest" gives a complete picture of life in Berlin today. It makes worthwhile reading. In fact, anybody who is interested in finding out the truth about Germany at war will find it here. I recommend it warmly.

Beyond Redemption

SPLENDOR AND SHAME: MY GERMAN ODYSSEY. By Otto Zarek. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1941. 316 *pp.* $2.50.

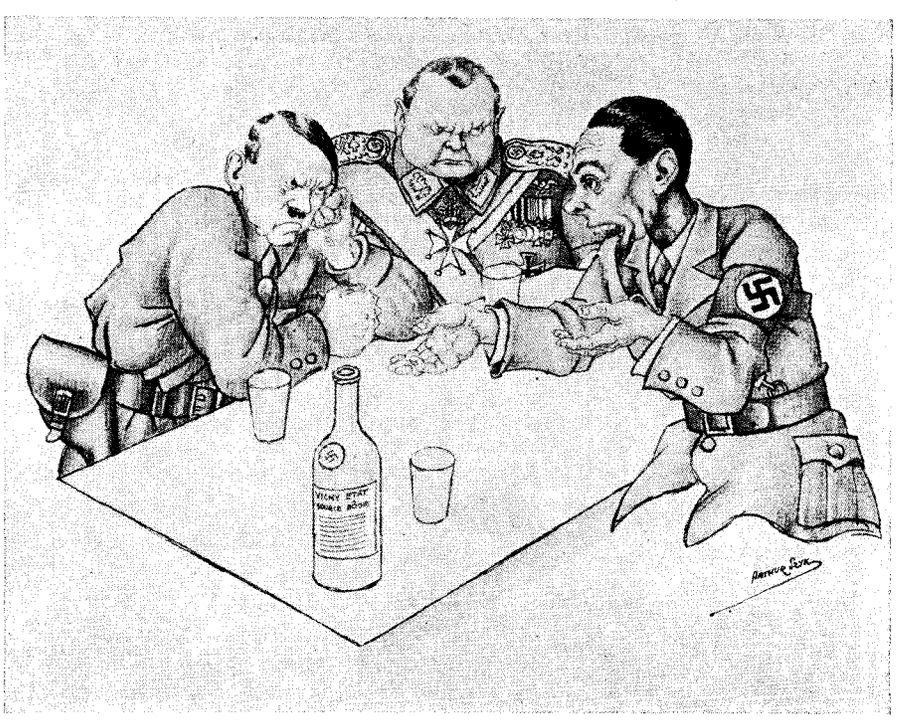
Reviewed by JOHN C. DE WILDE

THIS autobiography of a German-Jewish dramatist, critic, and biographer offers a refreshing contrast to the many journalistic accounts of Germany which have poured from the nation's presses. Mr. Zarek was not primarily interested in politics. As a man of letters, he moved in the intellectual and cultural atmosphere of Munich, Berlin, Vienna, and Budapest. It was only after Hitler's advent to power that the disastrous political evolution of Europe began to preoccupy him.

The odyssey begins with his childhood in Berlin and ends with his induction into the Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps in England. In his youth Zarek witnessed both the splendor and the fall of Imperial Germany. He was deeply affected by the intellectual ferment which was undermining the fundamental tenets of the Empire even at its height. Successively he came into close contact with the mystical cult which grew up around the poet Stefan George, and the *Wandervoegel* who sponsored the somewhat pagan and highly irrational "back-to-the-soil" movement which unconsciously laid some of the foundations for Hitlerism. As a sensitive schoolboy in the provincial town of Planen he also had a bitter foretaste of anti-Semitism.

The end of the war found him finishing his studies in Munich. The revolution and ensuing political and monetary confusion touched him but little. In Munich he experienced the elation of having his first dramatic work accepted. As a rising young author, he moved freely in the best intellectual and artistic circles, becoming acquainted with Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Gerhart Hauptmann, Stefan Zweig, Albert Einstein, and a host of others. As a theatrical producer, Zarek came under the tutelage of the great Reinhardt and had the good fortune of discovering such talents as Elizabeth Bergner, Francis Lederer, and Marlene Dietrich.

In 1925 he returned to Berlin. For a time he was completely happy in this "immoral, terrible, but marvellous" city. Gradually, however, all forms of art became more and more prostituted to politics. He himself grew increasingly aware of the deep abyss separating the intellectuals from the rest of the German people and sensed that he was living in a fool's paradise. Yet even he refused to believe until the last moment that Hitlerism would ever be a reality. Zarek had the good sense to leave Germany before the persecution of the Jews began in earnest. Events drove him successively to Vienna, Budapest, and London. Filled with a premonition of the disaster which later overtook Europe, he brooded over the strange dualism of the German character, coming to the profoundly pessimistic conclusion that the German people are beyond redemption.



"War of Nerfs! Jawohl!—But the British Haf No Nerfs!"

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Who Wrote This?

A Query By

CHANNING POLLOCK

NEARLY every omniverous reader recalls several stories that he admires greatly, but cannot identify. My own collection includes one that I think was written by Balzac, but have been unable to find in his works. The following tale appeared in some magazine 20 *or* 30 *years ago. I have taken considerable trouble to learn when and where, and the author's name, but without success. Perhaps you can identify the story from this brief summary:*

* * *

THEIR first summer in New England, a man and his wife are motoring along a strange country road to keep a dinner engagement. They have gone astray twice, and are late now, so the husband is driving at top speed. In spite of this, he notices, and stores in his mind as a landmark, a large frame house in bad repair, and with a sign announcing that a doctor lives there.

Half a mile farther on, something goes wrong with its steering-gear, and the car crashes against a tree. The driver, unhurt, lifts his wife from the wreckage, and finds her unconscious and seriously injured. The road is a lonely one; the husband has seen no other car and few houses. Desperately, he remembers the physician's sign half a mile away. Gathering the slight, limp figure in his arms, he alternately walks and runs back to the tumble-down dwelling, and tugs at its bell. A tall, gaunt, gray-haired, and unkempt man opens the door, and says he is the doctor. There is no one else in the house.

Together, they carry the woman into a dusty, disordered consulting room, and lay her upon the operating table. She has not regained consciousness, and, examining her with evident skill, the medico declares that her skull is fractured, and the only chance —a slim one—of saving her life is to operate at once. Looking at the apparently long-idle confusion of bottles and instruments, the husband hesitates, but has no choice. "You'll have to act as anesthetist," the doctor says: "there's no one else here."

Weak, ill, and shocked, the man obeys, but, when his wife has been etherized, is so obviously on the verge of collapse that the surgeon, knife in hand, advises, "You'd better wait outside. I can get on alone now."

Pacing the porch, occasionally peering from the darkness into the lighted room, the husband hears steps, and is transfixed at the sight of three lurking ruffians, two of them armed and the third carrying a rope. They are advancing slowly toward the door. "For God's sake, wait!", the husband implores. His wife's skull has been

opened; any delay now must mean her certain death. Whispering, one of the men asks, "What do you take us for?"

"Thieves."

"No," the man answers. "We are attendants from a neighboring insane asylum. The man operating on your wife is a dangerous lunatic who escaped only two hours ago."

Still whispering, the trio agree to wait until the operation is over. The lunatic has been a surgeon, they say, and a noted one, but eccentric for some time, and recently violent. Several years ago, he came from one of the larger cities, bought and furnished this house, and practiced here until his incarceration became necessary. "From force of habit, he returned," the head-keeper suggests, "and from force of habit he might get away with this job. In any event, we have no choice. If we interrupt now, your wife certainly must die." Staring through the windows, they see the operation finished, and then spring upon the lunatic, who, fighting and screaming, is subdued and taken away. The head-keeper promises to bring back doctors and nurses, which he does. The wife recovers sufficiently to be conveyed to New York, where she is placed in a hospital, under the care of a prominent physician. Carefully examining her fractured skull, this doctor says, "Your wife will get well and be perfectly normal again, but I can't understand it. Only one operation I know could have saved her, and only one surgeon ever performed that operation successfully. *That* doesn't explain anything, because that particular surgeon went mad years ago, and is now confined in an asylum somewhere in New England."

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

10 FAMOUS SHIPS

Anchors aweigh! but be sure that you get on the right boat. Do you remember the famous ships described below? Allowing 5 points for each one you can correctly name, and another 5 for the story in which it appears or the author, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 15.

1. This brig wound up with a one-man crew consisting of cook, captain, mate, bo'sun, and midshipmite.

2. Officers on this steamer, thinking it was going to sink, deserted it and its 800 sleeping pilgrims.

3. Westward they sailed to recapture the belle of the village of Devon, who had been abducted by a Spanish captain.

4. Jack Easy was a midshipman on this sloop.

5. This ship will sail about the Cape of Good Hope until the Day of Judgment.

6. This beautiful schooner, built to be a pleasure yacht, became a filthy slave ship under the command of Don Ramon Lull.

7. Mr. Colin Glencannon was Chief Engineer of this cargo steamer.

8. This tugboat, captained by a woman, was flagship of a fleet, all of which were named after flowers.

9. When this river steamer caught fire, the pilot held her nose against the shore until everybody was saved but him.

10. Charon was employed as janitor on this houseboat, which was anchored on the River Styx.

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The Era of Revolutions

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE: TALLEYRAND AND THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by Theodore R. Jaeckel. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1941. 351 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THIS volume is a translation from the French of the second volume of the trilogy in which Professor Ferrero is seeking to learn from the revolutionary world wars of 1789-1815 useful lessons to guide us in the present series of revolutionary world wars. Of the three volumes, entitled in French "Aventure," "Reconstruction," and "Pouvoir," the first was translated into English several years ago as "The Gamble," and the third has not yet appeared in the original. "The Gamble" deals with the outbreak of the French Revolution and especially with its extension into a world war through Bonaparte's adventure in Italy. The volume at hand deals with the real, if precarious, settlement of the world crisis arrived at in the Congress of Vienna. The third volume will apparently be more purely philosophical, and will sum up the lessons Professor Ferrero wishes to teach.

Even for those who distrust history seeking to teach by examples, and who go to history mainly for its dramatic and narrative interest, "The Reconstruction of Europe" should prove a book worth while. It tells skillfully and mostly from the sources the story of one of the most fascinating assemblies of statesmen and diplomatists ever held, and one on which we are extraordinarily well informed. Professor Ferrero's love of superlatives (Talleyrand "overcame the greatest panic to devastate history, created a world which was to outlive him for a century, helped Alexander to save Western civilization, and left a work which had no faults") and his tendency to draw grandiose conclusions have aroused the distrust of his more cautious colleagues among professional historians. But there is no doubt that he has mastered the art of holding his readers.

The framework of interpretation on which the trilogy rests is more solid than always appears through Professor Ferrero's rhetoric, and not nearly so original as it looks in its rhetorical dress. Men are held together in a stable society, as he puts it, by "silken threads"—laws, customs, traditions, habits, all the regularities of conduct to which men are so conditioned that they are not aware of them as limitations or restraints. In a stable society, men do not even feel these silken threads. But in the comparative freedom of such a stable society room is given for the innovating tendencies of adventurous minds, and gradually among important parts of a society desires and even habits arise which cannot be held in by the now invisible silken threads. A crisis arises as conservatives attempt to restore the old ways, and the ensuing revolution sweeps away most of the nexus of laws and institutions. But men must somehow be tied together in society. Once the revolutionists have destroyed the silken threads they cannot immediately spin new ones. Hence a universal panic among the untethered, a "Great Fear" such as gripped France in the summer of 1789. Order can now only be preserved by "iron fetters," by a dictatorship based on force, secret police, regimentation. But Caesar, having come to power through organized force —military force—is inevitably drawn to using it against other societies. His conquests upset the balance of power which is the only form the "silken threads" have yet attained internationally. Unless some form of reconstruction can restore order, the round of war and tyranny goes on. In 1814 the Congress of Vienna, thanks largely to the skill of Talleyrand and the good will of Alexander I of Russia, did achieve such reconstruction, and the relative peace and internal stability of the nineteenth century was made possible.

Professor Ferrero thinks that the parallel with our own day is exact. The war of 1914-18 ushered in a revolutionary time of troubles out of which has come Hitler-Caesar and, for most of Europe, the rule of naked force. But Europe is apparently unable of itself to carry through the work of reconstruction. In his introduction to this English translation, Professor Ferrero calls upon the United States to assume the burden of building a new world-order based on representative government and democratic institutions. Franklin Roosevelt, he hopes, will be the new Alexander I.

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Jacob . . .

Naomi Jacob

THE CAP OF YOUTH. Naomi Jacob. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 335 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

NAOMI JACOB is a most satisfying writer. When one opens a book of hers, one is conscious of the enormous relief of reading, at last, a novel written by a true, a predestined, novelist, a pleasure which is rare enough nowadays. Her characters, who seem to detach themselves from their background and to move about in a special atmosphere —like our own, yet clearer—are solid enough to cast their shadows; they talk, think, and feel with an amazing and effortless rightness. "The Cap of Youth" probes no abysses, explores no uncharted seas; it is compact, deftly composed, cheerful, and rings as true as silver coin.

The theme is the gradual forging of a young man's character. In the beginning, John Preston is young, unformed, his literary aptitude a mere facility; by the last chapter he is only a little less young, but in his life, and in his work, he has reached the frontier of maturity. The process, painful for him, is entertaining to the reader.

The scene is a small city in Yorkshire, where John's father, a self-made man, has built up quite a fortune (out of groceries and provisions) and is on the way to becoming a leading citizen. John goes to Cambridge, his brother marries into one of the lesser county families. John, for a brief instant, finds the right girl, only to lose her, has the bad luck to fall into a raffish set and marries a woman who though seemingly lovely, is false, shallow, and cruel. Fortunately, after some extremely painful experiences, all comes right for him in the end.

Such a résumé conveys no impression of an entertaining book, or of Miss Jacob's touch with people; of the delicious homeliness of her portraits of old Mr. and Mrs. Preston, and their lapses into Yorkshire dialect; of the sharp, satiric skill with which she paints the flashiness of Louise Preston's friends. Flashy people—those too well-dressed, noisy people who frequent large hotels (and who were always on the biggest liners)—are here better done by Miss Jacob than they have ever been done before. Indeed, who else has ever troubled to pin them through and exhibit them in a glass case? Louise, the false, fair, shallow wife, with her sentimentality and the incredible banality of her "literary" conversation, is exceptionally well-drawn.

Corey . . .

COUNTY SEAT. By Paul Corey. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1941. 412 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE word "pregnant" which is quite unjustifiably considered a mild obscenity, or at least a word in bad taste, runs through this book like a chorus from Aeschylus. Everything is always being that way, to the great satisfaction or discomfort of the parties concerned. About page 150 one lady has had five children and is making ready for the next; another has had a homemade miscarriage; another has given birth in the distress of uremia, and everything is budding anew.

Iowa, the locale of this story, really isn't that fruitful. It has had a slightly smaller population than Brooklyn time out of mind and if Mr. Corey's report were sound it should be somewhat more populous than China.

Nevertheless this is an interesting story when its folks are not begetting or being begotten. The straight narrative is that of a boy who is going to get through college, at his mother's behest, whether he likes it or not. He is her symbol of the family pride; this is very true and good, for there is nearly always one in every big farm family.

This fellow is, naturally, the one who wants to farm and does farm, without benefit of Veblen or any of the other highfalutin' folks he read at Iowa U.

Mr. Corey tells a great many stories, slightly related, in his effort to get down the whole behavior of an entire county in Iowa in late Prohibition days. Most of them are accurate and interesting.

Hanley . . .

James Hanley

THE OCEAN. By James Hanley. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1941. 233 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S old definition of courage, "grace under pressure," may also be regarded as an essential formula for the novel of action. It is this grace which defines the hero, and which permits the adventure story to veer away from pure action into something quite different. For if pressure represents the physical world which surrounds the hero, grace is that quality in his mind which fits him to meet it. The really good adventure piece, then, such as James Hanley's new book, "The Ocean," will be at heart a study in consciousness, working outward to the hard shell of danger all about. Here a ship has been torpedoed, and we have the explosion, the listing, screaming rush, and finally the centering of attention upon one boat afloat at the end. There are five in it, one seaman and an assorted lot of four passengers: an old priest, a young lad, a desperate man with a secret, a quiet, self-sufficient man. One might object to this grouping because of its adherence to a recipe that novelists have been cooking up all too frequently, the "strange assortment" idea, with five or six different types trapped in a boat or a cavern or a room, it doesn't matter, to reveal their different souls under pressure. It must be added that Hanley's use of the device is entirely vital and successful. The priest Father Michaels, for example, is no fictional stamp but a man, made of old, weak, tired flesh and a spirit trained to endurance. This feeling for the actualities of background and history which make peo-

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ple, is one of the strong qualities of Hanley's writing.

The seaman, Curtain, is the spine of the story. He holds it together even as he holds the boatload of men from terror and suicide. His own courage is born of experience on the sea; it is a store upon which they all feed, as important as the little cask of water. Of course the others falter, and their weakness massed against him, their successive breakdowns, wear away Curtain's own resistance. There are several stories by Jack London in which men suffer hardship and starvation on some wasteland, and we watch their mental stamina in the process of disintegration. Hanley's treatment here is very like London's, in his steady dissection of Curtain's states of mind, the crack of temper, the erosive effect of four weaker men clawing at him, and the ebbing of physical strength. The other men are studied too, in lesser detail, but Curtain's is a full portrait, and makes the book. And, again like London, there is no neglect of the physical, of action or landscape. The ocean pounds and swells throughout, the boat creaks, the men struggle, the whole thing has actual impact. A comparatively short novel, "The Ocean" packs a complete experience within its covers.

Du Maurier . . .

THE LITTLE LESS. By Angela du Maurier. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 314 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by CLARISSA CHARLES

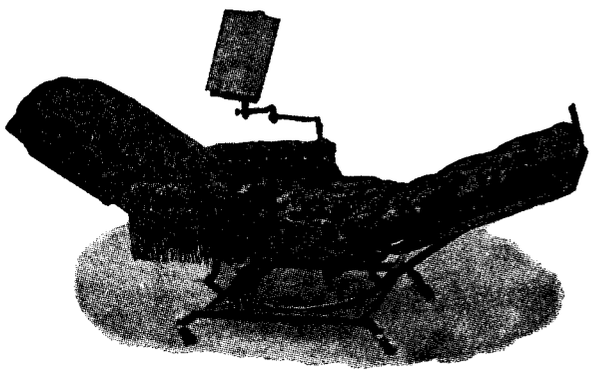
MISS DU MAURIER'S novel is altogether undistinguished. It is difficult to analyze exactly why the writing of "The Little Less" fails in quality. Perhaps it is because we are not made to touch, taste, hear, as well as see; or because our seeing, through Miss du Maurier's eyes, is a superficial, glancing thing; or most of all, because the author is eternally preoccupied with the beating of her heroine's heart. "Vivian was enthralled with the beauty of the place," we are told, but we are given no exact clue to Vivian's reactions; there is no mark or flavor to distinguish them from another's, and this imprecision is probably the reason for the book's essential banality.

"The Little Less" is the story of a girl, motherless from birth, starved for affection, and doomed to a continual frustration. As a young girl, Vivian Osborne's early sensibilities are outraged when an older man tries to make love to her. She is not altogether a usual girl to begin with, and her emotions are deflected away from men by her unfortunate experience. She fastens her heart upon another woman, Virginia Clare, who, being a normal person, accepts her affection as friendship. After a long waste of Vivian's emotions, the friendship is violently ended by Virginia Clare's death; Vivian marries a man whom she merely likes, and then expends her passionate devotion on her little son. She is frustrated again, because she cannot be the chief figure in her boy's life, and then still again, after a love affair with a young man, whom she renounces in fine Victorian style. The palpitations of Vivian's heart become a trifle boring.

The book, with its long stress on the emotional life of one rather uninteresting person, is obvious, slightly sensational, rather cheap, but the cheapness is a failure of literary quality, and not of moral intention.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. The *Nancy Bell,* in "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell," by W. S. Gilbert.
2. The *Patua,* in "Lord Jim," by Joseph Conrad.
3. The *Rose,* in "Westward Ho!," by Charles Kingsley.
4. The *Harpy,* in "Mr. Midshipman Easy," by Captain Marryat.
5. The *Flying Dutchman,* in the opera by Wagner and in legend.
6. The *Oriostatica,* in "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.
7. The S.S. *Inchcliffe Castle,* in "Mr. Glencannon," by Guy Gilpatric.
8. The *Narcissus,* in "Tugboat Annie," by Norman Reilly Raine.
9. The *Prairie Belle,* in "Jim Bludso," by John Hay.
10. The *Nancy Nox,* in "The Houseboat on the Styx," by John Kendrick Bangs.



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LERMONTOV AFTER ONE HUNDRED YEARS

(*Continued from page 4*)

phrase, Pechorin felt no obligation towards Maxim Maximch and showed no inclination to renew the past. It is one of the most realistic and touching scenes in literature and incredibly up-to-date. In reading it a hundred years disappear and before us is not Pechorin, but the hero of our own time.

It is perhaps disconcerting to discover Pechorin alive and among us a hundred years after the death of his creator. But upon reflection, and in view of the vast general advancement of these hundred years, it is reassuring to find that human progress is not dependent upon heroes but on the steadily plodding masses.

Such is the immortal portrait which Lermontov's cynical brush painted of himself and to which he gave the ironic title, "A Hero of Our Time." It is the offspring of an author twenty-five years of age, who is only four years older than his literary child.

The women in the novel, or for that matter Lermontov's female folk in general, are not particularly distinguished. Not one of them remotely approaches the superb personality of Pushkin's heroine in "Eugene Onegin." Princess Marie has charm but is somehow incomplete and Vera we see only as through a veil. Lermontov enjoyed the friendship of a number of real women, but he was too subjective and far too cynical to recreate one of them. Sushkova, after whom Marie was modelled, appears to much better advantage in her own letters, diaries, and conversations than she does as the object of Pechorin's attentions. In his attitude towards women Lermontov was decidedly more parochial than Pushkin. The latter was as conversant with the fair sex as the younger poet, but that did not lessen his appreciation of Tatiana.

The comparison is unfair in the sense that Lermontov did not compare himself with Pushkin, either in his prose or poetry. Before his last departure for Pyatigorsk he read one of his poems at the house of the historian Karamzin. Some one remarked that it was as good as Pushkin. Whereupon Lermontov protested, "Do not compare me with Alexander Sergeyevitch. I will never reach his eminence. There is no time for it. I will be killed." This prediction was not necessarily as inspired as some assume. In view of the character of the poet and the prevailing fashion of the period his early death was highly probable. He died, July 27, 1841, at the age of twenty-six, in a duel with his school friend Martinov. He truly was not granted time to reach Pushkin's exalted position. Judging by the superb work that he left behind and particularly by the speed with which he developed during the last few years of his life it is not too much to assume that had he lived as long as his great predecessor he would have climbed as high.

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THE CRIME OF Laura Sarelle

BY JOSEPH SHEARING

★★★★★★★

"Fine reading with no loop-holes"— New Yorker

Joshua Clunk, great (and not too scrupulous) criminal lawyer follows a trail of ruthless murders that stirred official war-time London. "A whiz of a plot—the story is as smooth as silk."—*Herald Tribune BOOKS. August CRIME CLUB selection.* $2.00

ORPHAN ANN

by H. C. Bailey

★★★★★★★

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SEEING IS BELIEVING *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $2.)	Rubber dagger in hand of hypnotized wife turns into real poniard and slays husband before horrified guests. Enter Sir Henry Merivale.	Ennobled sleuth's robustious memoirs vie with excellent detecting in fantastic and shrewdly tangled mixture of laughs and horror.	Essential
THE WHITE WOLF *Franklin Gregory* (Random House: $2.)	Young Penna. heiress with lycanthorpic forebears flirts with black magic and, whoosh, one night she's a big bad murtherin' wolf.	Twentieth-century American version of loup garou lore handled with due regard to traditional trappings and plentiful, if heavy-handed, thrills.	Scary
AWAKE DEBORAH! *Eden Phillpotts* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Search for rare vaccinium leads plant-lover to grisly find on Dartmoor tor and starts unravelling of doubly twisted murder skein.	Old-fashioned gentleman narrator of great help to perplexed professionals in solving wordy and slow-moving but always interesting case.	Bulldog British
SHE FADED INTO THIN AIR *Ethel Lina White* (Harpers: $2.)	Two girls enter innocent looking London flat and inexplicably vanish. Corpse of one is found. Investigator Foam saves t'other and elucidates.	Baffling trick—with simple explanation—gives tale good start. Profuse action and nasty villain keep it moving rapidly.	Good puzzle
HALLOWE'EN HOMICIDE *Lee Thayer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Bludgeoning of venomous lady in Greenwich Village hideaway provides Peter Clancy with tough and tangled case.	Rather feverish but neatly plotted, tale of sudden death amongst artists, dress-designers, interior decorators and the like.	Average

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Last Roundup

LAST MAN AROUND THE WORLD. By Stephen Longstreet. New York: Random House. 1941. 368 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

"JUST before the curtain went down" on what we used to think of as Civilization, that master word-craftsman, Stephen Longstreet, circumnavigated the globe and became the "Last Man around the World," as he calls his book.

Longstreet says modestly that "Last Man around the World" is no guide book, no history, no book of detailed economic charts. "It is one man's picture of his world with the sketches of things seen and heard." Actually, it is an infernally clever portrayal of peoples and places, exhilaratingly caustic and bluntly sagacious—gratifying proof of the wisdom of the author's admitted policy of "drifting around without a guide book, talking to people and asking stupid questions," then writing of what he has seen and heard and admitting that of which he is ignorant.

For the most part, Longstreet voyaged aboard a luxury liner during those halcyon pre-war months. He has seen fit to conceal the identity and actual course of the vessel, but from her he digressed into the hinterland of Europe, the Balkans and Near East, Africa, and Asia. The true names of his heterogeneous traveling companions are also concealed, manifestly with good reason.

There was, for instance his bibulous roommate, wealthy Big Boy, chronically afflicted with DT's and incessantly in search of comely "tomatoes" to sample; there was an aggressive, acquisitive, soul-examining Pamela, unhappily retreating from marital memories; there was a lusty, Kansas-born Duchess, "not a woman, but a gland." Others were the erudite Proust's Pal—an elderly Peter Arnoish elegant; the liner's Captain, a "shy but very passionate man;" and divers other human oddments who "dined and drank and squabbled and got emotionally snarled up and saw sights and scraped up strange acquaintances and listened to strange tales in bars wherever they went."

—*Sketch by the author.*

Among many other matters of more or less importance, Longstreet learned abroad that the fleas of Rumania "seem to hold the upper hand and abuse one's confidence"; that "graft is not a habit but a tradition"; that "nepotism is a national sport and children are born with delinquent taxes; and that "the only trouble with Hawaii is the fact that it is so like the travel posters."

The author took time out in China to become a war correspondent and his understandable reaction to Japanese aggression against China, carried on with hypocritical American aid, was:

"I think I shall study to become a hermit, or shake hands with a leper."

China also provided Longstreet with gastronomic material for perhaps his most graphic descriptive writing, which I can attest is not exaggerated:

"New-born cage-bred mice are nude and pink. Before hot wine is drunk, they are dipped alive in batter, held by the tails and fried, then stirred in cold honey and popped into the mouth while one chews off the tail. Big Boy had six, but he had been drinking bowls of warm wine and thought they were radishes. He was still gregarious and friendly when he found out what he was chewing."

"Last Man around the World" conceivably may be the last chronicle of its kind written, because this earth may never fully throw off the effects of the current war virus, so it represents a legacy by Stephen Longstreet which well deserves reading.

Linton Wells, foreign correspondent, news broadcaster, is the author of "Blood on the Moon."

Be Focal

Writing with frigid insolence of modern architectural problems, a fellow hack claims that the architect must henceforth establish "a developmental ratio between the utilitarian and the æsthetic." He forgets the great Corbusier's hoarse cry at Passy in 1929:

"Resolve the dominant! Be focal! Fuse the nodal pentatonic line into an organic higher dynamism! Rhomboidalism is the enemy! Waiter! A crème de menthe!"

—*News Chronicle*, London.

Basic English Bible

THE NEW TESTAMENT IN BASIC ENGLISH. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1941. 548 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by KIRSOPP LAKE

IT has often been said that a committee cannot write English, and it has as often been replied that this is refuted by the King James version of the Bible which was the work of a committee. Nevertheless, the former statement is true, and the King James version is no exception, because the committee appointed by the King did little more than accept Tyndale's version with a minimum of change, not always for the better. To illustrate the fact that it was not always for the better, the Book of the Psalms of David in the King James version should be compared with that in the Prayer book, which took the Psalms from the Great Bible of King Henry the Eighth, of blessed if matrimonial memory, and represents almost unchanged the version of Tyndale,—Coverdale—(Matthew). For instance, the Prayer book in Ps. 108, 28-30, says "So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble . . . he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be,"—which is lovely English, but the King James version says "unto their

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desired haven," which is miserable English.

Nevertheless, though the King James version owes little to the committee, and much to the genius of Tyndale, it is a superb monument of the language.

Attempts to improve it have been made in two directions. In the first place, recognizing that the Greek text from which it was made was in the main that of codex 2, a late and inferior manuscript at Basil, in 1881 a new committee was formed in order to correct mistakes in rendering, and to select the better readings. It was not a success, for in the first place though the members of the committee were great scholars, they were better at destroying the music than at improving the sense, and in the second place, they were pedantic rather than accurate in their insistence in always using the same English for the same Greek. Thus the revised version has never been a success.

A few years later began a series of efforts to put the Greek Testament into modern colloquial English. To my mind they were all horrible.

Now we have a different kind of translation—the Bible in basic English. I admit that I was prejudiced against it by a review in the *New Statesman,* which I now regard as very unfair. I am not converted to the idea of basic English, but this volume seems to me to be a wonderfully good rendering. It is scholarly, and musical. Naturally, there are many places where I should enjoy a discussion with the editors, especially with Professor Hooke, with whom I think I had some dealings some thirty years ago. But in general I like the translation. I will only venture two queries. In Mark XIII the Greek *gregoreite* is translated "keep watch"? Yes: of course that is not wrong, but I suspect that "keep awake" may be nearer the exact nuance of the word. Similarly in Cor. XIII *agape* is rendered "love." Certainly that is not wrong, but "love" has such a different meaning in modern speech, that I wonder if "kindness" would be possible.

If I had not seen it I could not have believed that it was possible to write such good English with the limited vocabulary which is the principle of basic English in which there are only 800 words. My compliments to the editors.

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TRADE WINDS

AS the nights become longer we are looking forward eagerly to the publication, as part of the "Records of Civilization: Sources and Studies," No. 33 [*sic*], of "The Art of Courtly Love," by Andreas Capellanus, with introduction, translation, and notes by John Jay Parry. It is published, of course, by the Columbia University Press. Publication date is Sept. 29—just two days after a first quarter moon.

☞And a serious book it is. In C. S. Lewis's "The Allegory of Love" (Oxford University Press). are these words: "French poets, in the eleventh century, discovered or invented, or were first to express, that romantic species of passion which English poets were still writing about in the nineteenth. They effected a change which has left no corner of our ethics, our imagination, or our daily life untouched, and they erected impassable barriers between us and the classical past or the oriental present. Compared with this revolution the Renaissance is a mere ripple on the surface of literature."

☞"That 'romantic species of passion' is what scholars know of as 'courtly love.' Courtly love, to be brief and to the point, was predicated upon the assumption that love between husband and wife was impossible and could be experienced only between a man and another man's wife," continue the publishers. As we note some of the chapter headings we are intrigued: such come-ons as "If One of the Lovers is Unfaithful to the Other," "Where Love Gets Its Name," "The Love of Peasants," and "Between What Persons Love May Exist."

★ ★

☞Some of the easiest jobs we know of are those held by judges for the *Boston Herald* Book Fair, to be held October 21-26. Their collective job will be to select "The 1000 Best Books of the Year," which will be placed on exhibition. Choosing one thousand of the "best books" is a cinch; this number comprises from fifteen to twenty per cent of the entire book publishing output of all publishers for the year 1941. And that includes text-books, juveniles, and reprints.

☞News of this sort is warm and human. It implies that practically all publishers and authors of trade books will be represented in the "best book field." We are trying hard to guess just what book or books of the year will be *omitted.* And while we're in this mood, we wonder just how effective this "best-book business" really is. Do they really stimulate interest and sales? At any rate, we hope so. Think for a moment—what was the Pulitzer prize book for fiction for 1940? What was the "best book" chosen in the non-fiction class by The American Booksellers Association for 1940? Is this book still in stock in many bookstores?

☞All these questions must be considered against the background and circumstances in which books are published. Theoretically, all books published by reputable publishers are good books. Authors work diligently and sincerely in the belief that they are writing sound, intelligent material. Someone, somewhere, is moved with pleasurable excitement over his book. That is the compensation for a writer who has worked, perhaps for years, over a manuscript but who is given the rapid disregard by professional critics.

☞What we would like to see is some form of permanent exhibition of all books of all publishers housed under one roof, so that those interested in the literature of the United States could see what is being produced. The two hundred or so American book publishers will find that the cost of maintaining such an exciting and interesting display of their products would cost them less than five dollars a month. *Trade Winds* has the figures. And what a kick booklovers would get out of it.

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☞Back in 1733, John Peter Zenger, pioneer printer and publisher of the *New York Weekly Journal,* defied the authority of the Colonial Government and insisted on the freedom of the press and the rights of the individual. This historic defense of popular rights took place on the Village Green of historic St. Paul's Church, Eastchester, N. Y. In commemoration, the American Society of Newspaper Editors is endorsing the creation of a memorial on the grounds of St. Paul's Church and "commends the project as worthy of the moral and financial support of its membership."

★ ★

☞*Attention Hollywood and Don Ameche.* Nostradamus is the subject of a new biography which Creative Age Press, Inc., has just issued. Lee McCann is the author and it is claimed this is the first and only biography of the old prophet written in English. Miss McCann, person of diverse activities in the field of painting and interior decorating, says of herself: "Having lived with books for so much of my life, I think I should write at least one myself. Since nothing has ever fascinated me so much as the study of Nostradamus, I chose him as the enthralling subject of my effort." ☞The book lacks the objectivity of a careful researcher, and since Nostradamus has come so much in the news of late, we are rather disappointed in the romanticisms and sweet prose that Miss McCann has lavished throughout. To be sure, there are convenient interpretations of the prophet's writings. The Hess flight, the joining of forces between Hitler and Stalin, and others that can be fitted into any set of circumstances. In our judgment, the McCann book would make an interesting screen vehicle for Mr. Ameche.

★ ★

☞We note with interest Pearson's announcement in this journal of a list of handbooks containing economical recipes for the war-time housewife, showing how to prepare appetizing dishes from ingredients of which there is no shortage. Some of the titles are: "25 Ways of Serving Potatoes," "25 Ways of Serving Carrots," "25 Ways of Serving Oatmeal," "25 Ways of Serving Salads."

★ ★

☞J. Whitaker & Sons, Ltd., are still going to publish "Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack—1941." Their announcement: "The 78th consecutive annual of 'Wisden' will, in spite of everything the enemy has so far done both to curtail and to prevent publication of 'The Cricketers' Bible,' be published at the end of July. Publication has necessarily been delayed through part of the original editorial matter being destroyed by enemy action."

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

Double-Crostics: No. 388

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

									1-G		2-M	3-N	4-I	5-S		6-D
7-R		8-B	9-W	10-K	11-R	12-C	13-Q	14-I	15-Y	16-X		17-D	18-G		19-U	20-H
21-J	22-X	23-Q	24-V	25-M	26-S	27-F	28-L	29-P	30-B	31-K	32-W		33-C	34-A	35-D	
36-W	37-U	38-G	39-R	40-Q	41-X	42-N	43-H	44-K	45-L	46-A	47-M		48-A	49-T	50-C	
51-X	52-W	53-S	54-U	55-P	56-L	57-J	58-H		59-J	60-S	61-T	62-C		63-J	64-E	65-T
	66-A		67-H	68-I	69-A	70-J	71-P	72-N	73-K	74-X	75-Q	76-S		77-O	78-L	79-N
80-R		81-C	82-N		83-Q	84-A	85-G		86-M	87-V	88-S	89-B	90-Q	91-T		92-C
93-A	94-O		95-C	96-J	97-S	98-T	99-P	100-I		101-I	102-C	103-T		104-E	105-C	106-O
	107-L	108-P	109-K	110-W		111-P	112-C	113-O	114-I	115-M	116-E	117-X		118-U	119-V	120-C
121-K	122-J	123-H	124-X	125-R	126-Q		127-O	128-R		129-D	130-O	131-E		132-N	133-O	134-S
135-Q	136-T		137-R	138-F	139-L	140-Q	141-I	142-S	143-G	144-P		145-B	146-H	147-G	148-D	149-A
	150-X	151-O	152-J	153-D		154-V	155-Q	156-F	157-L	158-R	159-B	160-T	161-U	162-E	163-G	
164-P	165-X	166-K	167-R	168-H	169-Y	170-W	171-F	172-V	173-I	174-L		175-L	176-N	177-X	178-M	179-K
180-P	181-J	182-V	183-Q	184-I		185-W	186-Y	187-F	188-V	189-X	190-P	191-B				

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 13 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Asiatic breed of large domestic fowl.
B. Variety of tea.
C. Divination by rods or wands.
D. That which locks or unlocks a movement (mech.)
E. Made of wood.
F. Diet that condemned Luther as heretic (1521).
G. Finical adherence to logical forms.
H. Title and heroine of novel by Fanny Burney (1778).
I. Russian ballet producer (1872-1929).
J. Divert to a secondary or subordinate position.
K. Kind of Renaissance Italian pottery.
L. Violent commotions.
M. Belong to, as essential part.
N. Disreputable; flashy.
O. Pertaining to the higher apes.
P. Fickle.
Q. Title and heroine of play by Aristophanes (B. C. 411).
R. Master, learn (colloq. phrase).
S. Sought out with care.
T. Serrated, notched (heraldry).
U. City in Florida.
V. Certain person, unknown or unspecified.
W. As a result of which.
X. Reduces to nothing.
Y. 10th letter of Hebrew alphabet.

WORDS

A.	46	66	34	69	149	84	48	93			
B.	8	159	30	89	145	191					
C.	102	105	33	95	50	81	120	92	112	12	62
D.	35	153	129	148	6	17					
E.	104	64	131	162	116						
F.	138	187	171	156	27						
G.	85	143	38	18	1	163	147				
H.	58	43	20	67	123	168	146				
I.	100	14	101	173	184	114	141	68	4		
J.	57	70	181	96	59	122	63	21	152		
K.	73	179	10	121	31	44	166	109			
L.	56	157	107	139	174	28	78	45	175		
M.	25	178	2	47	86	115					
N.	79	3	132	82	72	42	176				
O.	77	151	83	130	106	113	127	133	94		
P.	29	190	55	108	180	144	164	111	99	71	
Q.	140	155	126	40	135	75	90	183	13	23	
R.	39	11	80	158	167	125	137	7	128		
S.	53	76	26	97	5	134	88	60	142		
T.	98	49	91	103	160	136	61	65			
U.	19	37	54	118	161						
V.	154	182	188	119	172	24	87				
W.	185	36	170	110	32	9	52				
X.	124	16	41	165	22	189	150	74	117	177	51
Y.	186	15	169								

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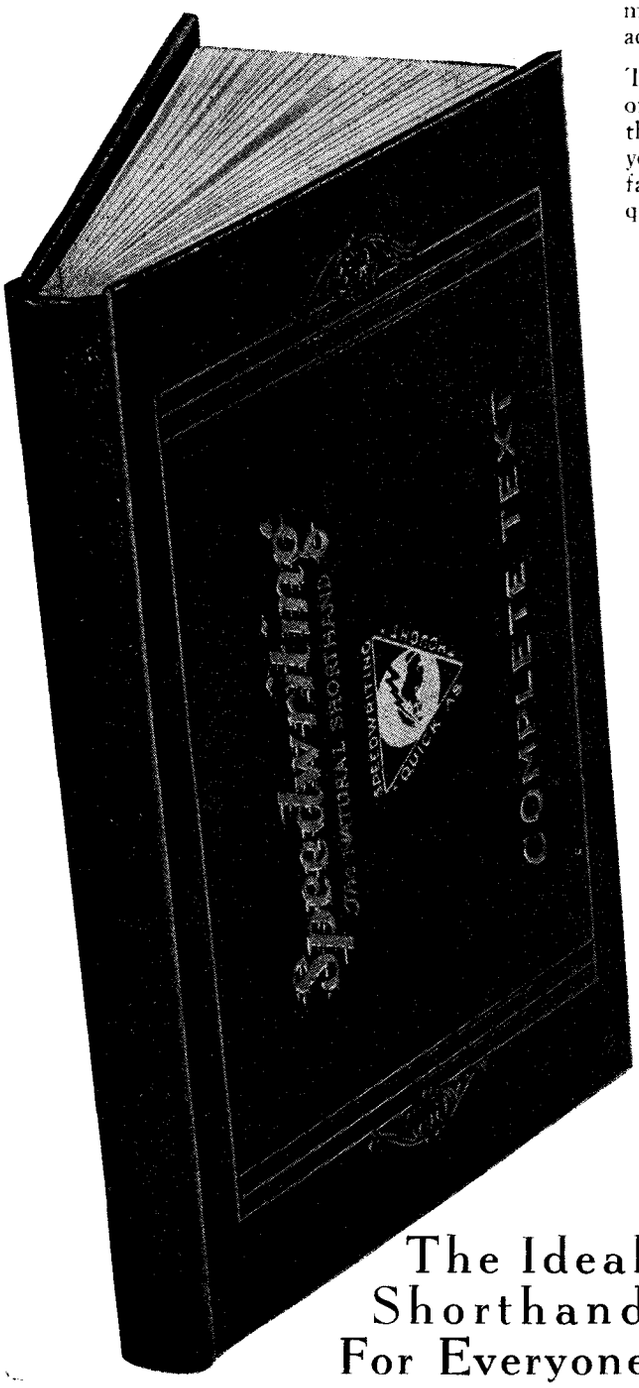

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